

Rock Formations on Lake Superior.

The famous Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior annually attract to the southern shore of that mighty body of water vast numbers of tourists from every portion of the Republic and from Europe. The cliff border of the lake is of sandstone interbedded with strata of gravel, and stretching along the shore at a point beginning at about one hundred miles from the Sault Ste. Marie, and ending at a point sixty miles from Marquette, are the Pictured Rocks. The entire panorama, if we may thus call it, is in Schoolcraft County, Mich., and the curious formations have been named by French voyagers, tourists and chance comers. Not altogether appropriate or euphonious are these titles: La Chapele, Grand Portal and The Cascade; to the native guide, however, these are known as "The Great Door" and "The Chapel." Less prominent in the series is "Sail Rock," a fallen mass of limestone which bears so close a resemblance to a schooner under full sail, and heading for the cliffs, that a passing stranger might well hail her ghostly skipper, if he beheld her in the dark, and warn him against the dangerous coast. The Grand Portal gives into a cave worn into the massive ledge of limestone. The cave widens slightly from the entrance, and is one hundred and eighty feet wide at its narrowest part, and four hundred feet long. The floor is the crystal wall, except in the back part, where the rocks are exposed, and afford a firm footing for the explorer. From the watery floor to the arched roof above, the height varies from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet. The sweep of this arch is well-nigh perfect in its symmetry; and as one looks out upon the surface of the lake from the rear, the effect of the exterior picture, framed as it is in the rocky curve of the portal, is striking and novel. The yellow sandstone drips with moisture, and is festooned here and there with close-growing mosses and lichens that darken with olive greens and grays the stony surface. The side entrance to this wonderful cave is flanked by rocky columns of an exaggerated Egyptian type. They remind the traveler of the gigantic monoliths of Thebes and Karnak; or, to use a more commonplace figure, they are Titanic columns in shape, the lower members being partially submerged in the crystal tide. At evening, when the rays of the setting sun light up the surface of the lake, and the colors of the sunset are diffused throughout the atmosphere, the reflections that play along the inner walls of the cave, and glide with strange beauty the glistening roof, make the place seem like a bit of fairy-land.

The Chapel so closely resembles the ruin of some ancient temple that it is difficult to resist the idea that this is the work of men's hands, rather than the result of centuries of action by wind and wave upon the friable rock. Seen from the beach, where the outlines are partially concealed by the thickets, one may fancy that here are the gloomy portals of some crumbling Hindoo temple, or the outer columns of the caves of Elephanta. The dome, which is deeply concave, is a solid mass of sandstone one hundred and ninety feet long and sixty feet wide. In the rear, and on the eastern side, it is supported by the cliff into which it is carved, and has been hollowed, and on the front and west by huge columnar masses, resembling in contour the supports of the vaults of the Portal. A few of these masses stand out from the general structure, so to speak, and one of them, west of the Chapel a few feet, is about eighty feet in height from the surface of the water. The Pictured Rocks are stained with the wash of mineral oxides, and the hues prevailing are a greenish-blue, pale blue, verdigris green, old gold, pale yellow, and innumerable shades of brown and gray.

The Cascade is a bright sheet of water, about thirty feet wide, which falls from the overhanging cliffs sheer into the lake, having a height of one hundred and seventy-five feet. The projection of the cliff from the lip of which the cascade springs is so great that a space of twenty-five or thirty feet remains behind the fall, and between it and the rocky shore. It is the custom of guides to invite those who do not dread a slight shower to paddle around between the cascade and the cliff—a proceeding entirely safe, provided the slight bark of the adventurer is managed with a steady hand. From the Cascade numerous headlands, bright with color and fantastic in shape, rise in sight, and the eye may linger long and delightedly on the unique panorama that is spread out on either hand, and is mirrored in the transparent wave that folds the picturesque shores in its embrace.—*Harper's Weekly.*

"That's All Right."

It occurred in the winter of '81-'82, at Cheyenne, the capital of Wyoming. He was a member of the Territorial Legislature, and his name was Smith. He had been in attendance on the daily sessions of that august body all through the term, and, like most of his worthy colleagues, had spent some money during the time. He hadn't spent any great amount of cash either, for that matter, but had used his check so often that it had become as tough as a boarding-house flapjack. He put up with a landlord Jones, who ran the Railroad House at that time, and bought most of his Haystack and collin-varnish at Luke Murrin's. Murrin always kept the "best," and Smith was a connoisseur when it came to cold poison. Singularly enough, too, his bill at Murrin's was about one hundred dollars more than he owed for board at Jones', but either of them would buy Senator Tabor three or four pair of suspenders with jeweled buttons.

A day or two before the final adjournment Smith called for his bill at Murrin's, and after glancing carelessly over the formidable array of figures told Murrin that Jones' mine host of the Railroad Hotel, owned him a little more than what the bill amounted to. He would tell Jones to make it right with him. Of course Murrin knew that Jones was good for the amount, and with a "That's all right, what'll you have?" the subject was dropped.

That evening Smith told Jones to look over his books and see how much he had set down opposite his name. This Jones, Smith said Murrin owed him

a few hundred on a stock deal, would be just as level as the amount due him.

"That's all right," said Jones, "Murrin's good for any amount."

"Well, the day of parting came, and, of course, all the 'boys' gathered at the depot, which was really the Railroad Hotel, to bid the law-makers good-bye. Smith was there, and, catching hold of Murrin's arm, he said, pleasantly:

"We might just as well go in now and fix that matter up with Jones, eh?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Murrin. "Well, but I want it understood, you know."

"Come in," and Smith hailed Murrin through the crowd of worshippers who thronged about the shrine of Bacchus to where Jones stood.

"You remember that matter I spoke to you about the other day—when I referred you to Murrin here, eh?" asked Smith.

"Oh, yes," said Jones. "That's all right."

"And you," said Smith, turning to Murrin, "you understand it, don't you?"

"Certainly," answered Murrin. "That's all right."

"Well, I'm glad it's fixed. Let's take something."

They bowed their heads as the presiding deacon passed the fluid. Then the conductor shouted: "All aboard!" and everybody made a rush for the cars. As the train left the depot Smith stood on the rear platform waving a soiled napkin at his friends.

Murrin and Jones walked into the bar-room together, and, lighting a cigar, began a conversation which lasted a full hour. Finally it began to drag, and at last Jones said:

"I suppose that little matter of Smith's can be fixed up any time?"

"No hurry—no hurry, my boy," replied Murrin. "That's all right."

Jones looked up inquiringly, but said nothing. They talked stock for fifteen minutes, and then Murrin abruptly remarked:

"Good fellow, that Smith."

"Yes; jolly good boy. Funny he didn't have the cash to settle his bills when he left. Must have had a rustle with King Pharaoh."

"But the arrangement made was satisfactory?"

"Oh, yes; that's all right. What'll you take?"

After they had touched glasses over the walnut slab and threw their heads back to inspect the frescoes on the ceiling, Murrin turned to leave, saying, as he put his handkerchief back in his pocket:

"Just send the check for the amount of Smith's bill up to the house any time. No hurry, my boy—no hurry."

"Eh?" almost shouted Jones.

"Why, you understand, you owe Smith and he owes me; you agreed to pay me instead of him."

"Agreed, the dickens! Why, Colonel, the man owes me, and you agreed to pay it. Didn't you say it was all right?"

"And didn't you say you'd pay me; that it was all right?"

A flood of light began to pour in on the subject, illuminating their craniums as a tallow candle lights up the interior of a hallow-e'en pumpkin. Jones handed out the same bottle once again, and the only sound heard for several seconds was that of some liquid coursing its way along a narrow and tortuous channel.—*Luriam's Brooming.*

Preparation for Marriage.

"The wedding chest" was the name given a generation ago in Virginia and Pennsylvania, to a bride's outfit of undergarments, table and bed-linen.

When a girl passed her twelfth year, and could use her needle with skill, she began to prepare her own wedding chest. Marvelous were the mysteries of hem-stitching, fell, embroidery and lace-work bestowed on these snow-white garments; each as it was finished being laid aside for the far-off wedding.

A common Christmas gift was a delicately lined set of table-cloths or towels, for the "outfit" of a little girl in pantaloons, who would not be allowed to dream of a lover for years. That bride was looked upon as little better than a pauper who did not bring to her husband enough linen of her own making to furnish their house.

Her mother, a generation earlier, helped to spin the outfit, a custom brought over from England by the early colonists in the South. Indeed, the word "spinster" originally meant a woman who had spun and prepared her marriage outfit.

Another custom among wealthy families in the same section was a storing of a certain amount of wine, on the birth of a daughter, to be opened on her wedding day. More commendable was the practice of putting a sum out at compound interest, or the setting apart of a certain number of cattle or sheep, whose increase was some day to furnish the dowry for the little new-born daughter.

The motive at the bottom of these old-fashioned customs was, that a woman from her birth was regarded as a prospective wife and mother, and the duty of her parents was, according to these old prejudices, to make her ready in purse, penmanship, knowledge and housewifely skill, to be a helpmeet to her husband.

The daughter of the bonanza king nowadays, whose trosser is ordered wholesale from Paris, and exhibited to reporters of the press for publication in the society column, is prepared for marriage on totally different bases of theory and fact.

But between these two classes there are innumerable grades of young girls who have as small means as the old-fashioned farmer's daughter, but whose education, tastes and habits are the same as though their fathers were worth millions. They imitate in their wedding and in their married life the later fashion. No subject is so interesting to them as the preparations for marriage. Let them look at these two ways of making ready, and choose which it would be wisest for them to follow.—*Youth's Companion.*

A recent university football match in England resulted in a broken leg, dislocated ankle, smashed nose, brain concussion, and minor casualties too numerous to mention.

A Swarm of Meteors.

A remarkable sensation was made by Prof. Brooks, an industrious astronomer of Western New York, on Wednesday evening. While searching with his telescope for comets, he saw what he describes as a shower of telescopic meteors "near the sun." This, of course, means that they were near the apparent place of the sun in the sky, and not literally near to that body, for the sun had already set at the time, and if what Prof. Brooks saw was really a meteor swarm, the meteors must have been in the upper regions of our atmosphere. Supposed lights of meteors seen through telescopes have occasionally turned out to be flocks of birds, but an observer as careful and experienced as Prof. Brooks seems to be would not be likely to make such a mistake as that. Assuming then, that he really did see an extraordinary swarm of meteors, and remembering that meteors large enough to be visible without telescopes, and some of great size and brilliancy, have recently been unusually numerous, the suggestion that the red light seen in the sky for several evenings past long after sunset may be caused by reflection from clouds of meteoric dust in the upper portion of the atmosphere is not unnatural.

There are several reasons for thinking that the strange light is the result of some such cause as the presence of meteoric dust rather than of differences of density in the atmosphere leading to ordinary refraction. In the first place, the phenomenon has not only been visible over an immense extent of territory, but it has lasted several days, and has been seen in the east before sunrise as well as in the west after sunset, so that any abnormal refraction in the atmosphere would have to be of most incredible persistence in order to account for the observed appearances. Besides, during this time there have been considerable atmospheric changes, especially in respect to temperature. These remarkable sunset displays have also been accompanied by a notably hazy appearance of the sky.

It is well known that the earth is daily and nightly pelted with millions of meteors, the vast majority of which are almost instantly consumed by the intense heat developed as they dash into our atmosphere. The products of the combustion of these meteors filter slowly down through the air, and have been found in the shape of metallic dust on mountain peaks in the Arctic regions, on mountain peaks in Europe, and in other similar localities, being recognized by their peculiar chemical composition. It is also well known that the solar system abounds with swarms of meteors revolving around the sun, and that the earth crosses the paths of a number of these, occasionally encountering the swarms themselves. The vast majority of these meteors are very small, those that are seen weighing on an average probably only a few grains; and since the telescope reveals millions which escape the naked eye, it is reasonable to conclude that millions more are too small to be seen even with telescopes—mere meteoric dust. There are historic instances of supposed falls of meteoric dust, the most remarkable, perhaps, being that of 1873, when Europe, part of Asia, and part of North America were covered for months with a dry fog, or haze, which excited the greatest alarm. Prof. Brooks' suggestion that the earth has encountered a cloud of meteoric dust is not, therefore, without foundation in probability. If the recent blazing sunsets have really resulted from such a cause, they are likely to continue, in a modified form, for some time, gradually disappearing as the dust sinks lower in the atmosphere. But, although so many reasons can be advanced which give probability to the theory that meteoric dust is concerned in the production of these strange sunset effects, yet it can not be considered as proved, and some better explanation may be offered. Whatever the true explanation may turn out to be, however, everybody seems to agree in the opinion that the red glare in the west during the last three or four evenings has been one of the most singular spectacles beheld in the sky for many years.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Pleasures of a Country Life.

Not long since we read a report of a debate in a farmers' club upon the question whether a city life or a rural life is the more conducive to happiness and well-being. Strangely enough, the question was decided in favor of the city life. No doubt this may be explained by the very frequent inclination of people to change their circumstances, and to notice most the disagreeable features of their environments. What is pleasant is passed over as a matter of course, while the unpleasant is nagging upon the mind, and re-iterated over until one feels that all other circumstances or positions are better than those he has become a victim to.

If this disposition of the persons were changed and could become more like that of the moralist who put upon his sign dial: "I mark only the pleasant hours," then there would be less of the prevalent dissatisfaction, for every person would find some delights, at least in his mode of life which would be agreeable or unattractive in itself, but there are material differences in the two manners of living which no disposition of the person can change or avoid. In the city all is artificial. Even the manners and customs of the people are strained and less natural than those of country dwellers. The close, narrow streets, the paved roads, the sense of freedom, the sameness, the monotony of life, and the effect of all these upon the mind of the person, tend to differentiate the citizen from the countryman. In the country, on the other hand, with nature; there is a freedom of scope and a breadth of view, the free fresh air, the ever-changing aspect of the scenery, the leisure—all these have the effect to make rural people more observant and studious of their own affairs. In a city man aims more at the country they study things, perhaps there are no other books to mark the writings of Charles Lamb, who was a city man, and those of Wordsworth, Donald G. Mitchell and others, whose thoughts breathe of flowers and fields and rural scenes. Perhaps a writer more enjoyed a city life in spite of all

his unhappy domestic and family associations, to which he lovingly sacrificed himself, than Charles Lamb. His social enjoyments, his pursuit of literature, and his love for the very stones and bricks with which he had been acquainted from boyhood; his struggles and disappointments, and his final easy old age, after his long mechanical routine of book-keeping and counting up figures—all his history, in fact, as told by himself in the most charming manner—gives us a picture of a man born and bred in a city and enjoying all that could be made pleasant of it while he chafed and fretted at its restraints. But one reared in the country, after reading Lamb's experience, never envies him, but rather thinks how much more he might have enjoyed a rural life had that been his fortune, and as one reads thoughtfully the two lives, he gains to the advantage of his own life in the city man and the country man; he can fall down by to the one, but obediently to the other; the better of the drops on the leaves is musical, the virgils, too, make melody; the gentle rattle soothes, and the blustering storms make the blazing fire and snug shelter full of comfort in a country house, while the city man shivers as the winds howl dimly about the roofs and chimney tops. Just at this season the differences become more marked and better defined. We can even admire the snow crystals in the country, and "the beautiful snow," fringing the trees and shrubs, covering the fences with borders of lace-work, and hiding us under a covering of gentleness and mercy, all the evils in the world, and only be fully realized in the country. In the city there is none of this beauty and purity; but as the clear white becomes smirched and fouled, and soon changes to a mass of disagreeable and filthy slop, it seems to repel all that, once pure, has become degraded and foul in the lower stratum of the city life.

But there is a practical and material view to be taken of this question which we can only merely touch upon, but which occurs to any one who thinks upon this subject. The excess of wealth and the corresponding depths of poverty, the uncertainties of life, the corrosive cares, the weary struggles with adversity, the hopeless defeats, the furious competition, and the crush and strife for existence, in which thousands are troubled under and disappear without leaving any traces, just as a drowned body sinks under water, and the last bubble of the breath floats down and breaks—all this is unknown in the country, where industry and carefulness secure comfort and independence, and where one can very well afford to help a brother along rather than crowd him down to rise upon his ruin.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Trainman.

A slim young man, wearing a fur cap and a great year's ulster, stood with a lonesome look on his face in the waiting-room of the Polk Street depot, Chicago the other evening. He thoughtfully measured with his eye the colored boy behind the lute counter a few feet away. Then he climbed on a high stool by the counter and reached for a sandwich. He winked at the colored boy and was instantly supplied with a cup of coffee. Three more sandwiches came with his gasp and disappeared one after another. Then he devoured a turnover and two hard-boiled eggs. Another cup of coffee and a quarter of a nickel pie finishes the meal. Then the slim young man slid from his stool, and said, carelessly:

"What's the slim worth?"

"Seventy cents, sah," replied the waiter, promptly.

"What?" replied the slim young man, "you mustn't charge me passenger rates, you know. I'm a trainman, remember."

"What kind of a trainman?" demanded the colored youth suspiciously.

"Grand Trunk brakeman," responded the slim young man.

"Got to identify yo'self," sullenly said the waiter.

"Don't think anybody knows me here," said the other, with hesitation.

"Shew wot yo' got in yo' pockets," said the trainman, with a ear-keen or strain look, or something else along to identify himself with.

"Changed my clothes since the last time," said the slim young man, growing pale. "You'll have to take my word for it."

"Yo' word's no good," said the waiter, contemptuously. "I'll give yo' one last chance. Call out do towns' jus' if it dis was a pass'n'g' er."

The slim young man threw back his shoulders, clutched the counter, and said:

"Battle Creek!"

"Niagara Falls!"

"Montreal!"

"Stop, sah; yo' is a cheat. No brakeman ober call um dat way. Dis is wot dose towns is:"

"Bicawic!"

"Nagowash!"

"Co-a-r-r-e!"

"Dere," concluded the waiter, triumphantly, "if yo'd a called um dat way I'd let yo' off wid thirty-five cents. Seventy cents, sah; an' hurry up.—*Inter Ocean.*

Really Refreshing.

It is almost invariably the case that when a cashier robs, or a clerk steals, or a treasurer defaults in any part of the country, he begs off by declaring that he is persecuted in Wall street and lost. It is, therefore, really refreshing to learn of a case in which Wall street was not to blame. It occurred in a town in Ohio the other day. The owner of a private bank discovered a shortage of \$2,000, and rushed for the cashier.

"Yes, I took the money," was the calm reply.

"What for?"

"To speculate in Wall street."

"And you lost it all?"

"Not much; I am just \$12,000 ahead after paying you back. The money will be here by express at noon."

"By George! but you are a keener, Joe—just too sharp and shrewd for anything. Put in \$10,000 and become a partner; you are an chap I can count on."—*Wall Street News.*

Our Young Readers.

THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

Little children, don't you hear
Some one knocking at your door?
Don't you know the glad New Year
Comes to you and me once more—
Comes with treasures ever new
Spread out at our waiting feet?
High resolves and purpose true
Round our lives to music sweet.

Ours to choose the thorns or flowers,
If we but mind our duty;
Spend bright the precious hours,
And life will glow with beauty.

Let us, then, the portals fling,
Heaping high the liberal cheer;
Let us laugh, and shout and sing—
Welcome! Welcome, glad new year!

—*Charles A. Davis.*

A LITTLE BEHINDHAND.

Or a Good Resolution For the New Year.

"Grandpa, when does a man have three hands?"

This question was put by a child to her grandfather, in the midst of the family circle on Christmas evening. They were all merry with innocent fun and chit-chat. Giving and guessing riddles was one of the entertaining pastimes of the hour. The grandfather repeated the child's question slowly, and, after thinking a moment, he said: "Give it up." The bright child in great grief cried out: "A man has three hands when he has a right hand and a left hand and gets a little behindhand."

All hands laughed heartily at grandfather's failure to guess, and he looked so grave over it they laughed the more merrily.

But the "head of the house" did not seem to join very heartily in the amusement, and they rallied him by asking if it was not a fair conundrum.

"Certainly; not only fair, but excellent; the play on the word is very neat, but it has set me thinking of what comes of getting a little behindhand, and some other time, when you want to hear it, I will give you a little sermon or lecture on the subject."

"Now—now—let us have it now!" they all exclaimed; but he knew children too well for that, and, saying that his sermon would keep, he told them to go on with their riddles and stories.

The next Sabbath evening, when they were all in the parlor, the bright little girl, who had puzzled her grandfather with the conundrum, looked up from the book she was reading, and said, with a smile:

"Grandpa, are you not getting a little behindhand with that sermon you promised us?"

"You shall have it now, if you wish;" and all sat still and attentive while the good man began:

"To-morrow will be the first day of a new year, and a good time to take a fresh start. To begin well is half the doing, whatever it is. The habit of being on time, never a minute behindhand, is one of the greatest helps to success in life. While, on the other hand, to get into the way of delaying, keeping others waiting, not being prompt, punctual and ready, is the secret cause of failure in ten thousand cases, many of which I have seen in the course of my life. We notice it in children. What you are in the morning, you will be at noon, and probably at night. The child is bent, etc. The family note in the morning for washing and breakfast; one child is late. She is usually late, the same one. She was behindhand in getting herself ready; the rest waited for her a few moments and then went on without her, and presently she came, disturbing all and making herself disagreeable and them uncomfortable. The boy with such a disposition is late at school, not prepared with his lessons, always just a little behindhand in everything. Perhaps he goes to college or into business, trade or profession, and if he is independent on his own exertions he makes a failure in everything."

"Forty years ago I knew two smart boys, helpers in a grocery store. They were brothers. They seemed to be made of steel springs, so quick, prompt and decisive were they in filling every order. They were poor boys, apprentices then. But they worked as if the concern was their own, and success depended on their energy, push and faithfulness. Now they live on one of the fashionable avenues of New York in their own large mansions, retired from the grocery business, in which they made their fortunes. Holding important trusts, they are useful and respected citizens and Christians. They owe their success solely, under God, to their own promptness in performing every promise, in being always ahead rather than behind time. And there are mechanics and tradesmen with whom I once had dealings and now have deserted, because they would never fulfill an order in season, would not send a thing home to me when they promised, and invariably kept me waiting whatever might be my distress to be served. This vice runs in the blood sometimes, and whole families are distinguished by taking it easy, time enough every day, being their motto and rule. They do not behind in the race of life. They would be run over if some one did not pick them up and help them on. Half the world has this work to do, besides doing its own. In the absence of positive crime, this habit of taking it easy causes the poverty and failure of the greater part of the human family. We have the same chances, with equal brains and wits, in the same field, one succeeds and another makes a failure. And why? Because one lets time by the forelock, was ever prompt, and therefore prosperous. The other was always a little behindhand, and by and by so far behind as to be counted out as of no account."

"When you are old enough yourselves to meet and move with men and women in business and good works of life, you will soon find some who are late at the appointed time, who come a few minutes in ten or fifteen minutes after a hour, saying: 'I had no idea it was a hurry.' My watch never deceived me, and I am very sorry to keep you waiting. All such managers are poor in the end, and make bad of it. If they have a sense of resignation, they would make a man for somebody not always a little behindhand."

"The train starts at nine in the morning, and they reach the station two minutes late, and are left. The heat

goes" five, and they arrive in time to be laughed at by the passengers who, when wiping the perspiration from their heated brows, know a Georgia preacher who was holding forth in an asylum to a congregation of the insane. He described a man on a scaffold about to be hung, while in the distance came a messenger on horseback bringing a pardon. But the judge of fate was just at hand; a minute or two and it would be too late. The preacher drew out the agony, by talking and talking, till one of his crazed hearers cried: "Can't you hurry up a little? They'll hang that man if you don't!" And when I see people dilly-dallying, wasting precious time in doing nothing, I long to tell them to hurry up, for life, soul, salvation may be lost if they are only a little behindhand. It is so in every relation, calling and duty in life. It is the one principle on which the prize of success in this world depends, and immortal glory beyond. Now is the accepted time.

"There, children, dear, you have had the sermon I promised. The New Year begins to-morrow, and the resolution I want you to make is this: With God's good help, for which I will daily pray, I will always be on hand at the moment, ready for every duty, and will do with my might what I am called to do."

While the sermon was in progress, the child who gave the conundrum had quietly slipped up to her grandfather's lap. She was so full of the irrepressible sort of children, and could hardly wait for him to take an end, when she exclaimed: "Grandpa, it's just the other way, isn't it? A man never gets a little behindhand, he has three hands or four, and does more work and better than the lazy fellow who is always behindhand."

"That's so," said the old man, and "if you had said that at the beginning, you might have been spared the sermon."

"Yes," said John, the oldest boy, "but that would have been a great loss to us, and for one I promise not to be a little behindhand, if I can help it, as long as I live."

"Good-night, all," said the grandfather. "God bless you all with a happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year to you, grandpa," they cried in chorus, and went off to bed.—*Trenniss' N. Y. Observer.*

Faithful Carlo.

Little Mary and her great black Newfoundland dog, Carlo, were a very familiar picture to me.

I often stopped to look at them as they ran about the yard. It is a warm afternoon, they lay deep under the large evergreen trees. Mary's light curls made a lovely contrast to Carlo's shaggy black sides. His loving gentleness made him seem as good as he was handsome.

Little Mary had a naughty habit of running away from home. Carlo would not leave her for a moment. He seemed to try to get her home again. He ran before her, keeping her from getting out of the walks, and trying to coax her to turn about. Sometimes he would succeed, and then I heard his joyful bark when he saw her once more safely in the yard. If he could not get her home, he would never desert her. When she was fixed out she laid her curly head against his neck, ready to go wherever he led. Then you may be sure he led her home just as straight as he could go.

One day, when I came out of the gate, Carlo met me, barking and jumping about in a most anxious manner. He ran a little way and then came back to me, as if coaxing me to follow him. I thought him too wise a dog to be mistaken, so I followed him, though a little slowly. He seemed to notice this and to beg me to hasten. In a moment more I saw dear little Mary toddling along the railroad track.

I felt sure that the dog's quick ears must have heard the train, which was coming around the curve. I hurried fast enough, I can tell you. Carlo had never before allowed me to pick her up for a moment. Now he seemed fairly wild with joy when I caught her in my arms. He led me home in a perfect daze of delight.

After that I was a privileged friend. To the day of my death he thanked me in his mute, loving way every time he saw me.—*Mrs. Frances Smith, in Our Little Ones.*

A Queer Street-Car Passenger.

A big, burly, good naturedly aggressive man entered at a Charlestown (Mass.) horse-car yesterday, accompanied by a huge turkey, and, having seated himself, he placed his turkey in a sitting position on the seat beside him. The car filled rapidly, and although several ladies were compelled to stand, the turkey kept its seat, guarded by its burly owner. When the conductor came through the car he noticed the turkey, and, addressing the man, said: "You will have to take that turkey up."

"What for?"

"To let some of those people sit down. You can't keep him on that seat."

"What's the reason I can't?"

"Because these people are as much entitled to a seat as is your turkey." This turkey ain't bothering any one and I'd like to see any one bother him!"

"You'll have to take him up, anyhow; he isn't a passenger."

"No, he isn't. He's a dented sight better than the average passenger you carry. He's clean, he ain't telling all he knows, he isn't drunk, he don't smell of tobacco, and he don't spit all over the floor."

By this time all the passengers were laughing and the peculiar appearance of the turkey, as he sat bolt upright with his legs spread out on the seat, added to the merriment. The conductor, annoyed at the laughter, excitedly said: "Every seat in this car that's occupied has to be paid for; now you take that turkey up, or get out."

"I won't do it. Here's a ticket for him, and see that you punch it. I guess it don't make much difference to a railroad company what kind of an animal occupies a seat so long as it's paid for." So the turkey kept his seat to the great enjoyment of the passengers.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*